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BINGEN
on the
RHINE

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

BY

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY

W. T. SMEDLEY, FRED. B. SCHELL, ALFRED FREDERICKS, GRANVILLE PERKINS, J. D. WOODWARD, AND EDMUND H. GARRETT.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF JAMES W. LAUDERBACH.

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.
Illustrated Title,	FREDERIC B. SCHELL.
Head-Piece,	EDMUND H. GARRETT.
Vignette,	EDMUND H. GARRETT.
"A Soldier of the Legion,"	WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY.
"There was lack of woman's nursing,"	GRANVILLE PERKINS.
"Take a message and a token,"	FREDERIC B. SCHELL.
"Tell my brothers and companions,"	WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY.
"That we fought the battle bravely,"	ALFRED FREDERICKS.
"Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale,"	FREDERIC B. SCHELL.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.
"And 'midst the dead and dying," . . .	GRANVILLE PERKINS.
"Tell my mother that her other sons," . .	WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY.
"My heart leap'd forth to hear him tell," . .	GRANVILLE PERKINS.
"Tell my sister not to weep,"	ALFRED FREDERICKS.
"But to look upon them proudly," . . .	GRANVILLE PERKINS.
"There's another—not a sister," . . .	WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY.
"Tell her the last night of my life," . . .	J. D. WOODWARD.
"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along," . .	FREDERIC B. SCHELL.
"The German songs we used to sing," . . .	GRANVILLE PERKINS.
"And her little hand lay lightly," . . .	WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY.
"His voice grew faint and hoarser," . . .	WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY.
"And the soft moon rose up slowly," . .	FREDERIC B. SCHELL.
"On the red sand of the battle-field," . . .	GRANVILLE PERKINS.
Tail-Piece, ...	GRANVILLE PERKINS.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers;

In exch.
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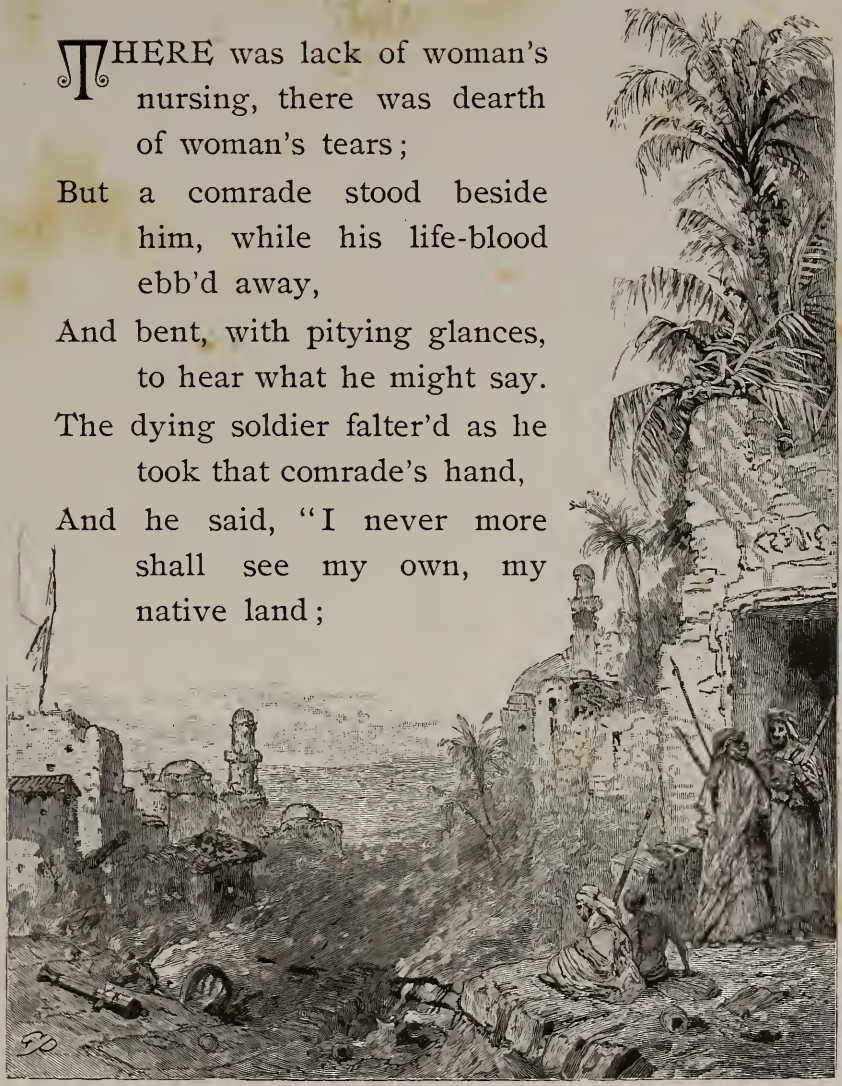
SEP 12 1900

THERE was lack of woman's
nursing, there was dearth
of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside
him, while his life-blood
ebb'd away,
And bent, with pitying glances,
to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier falter'd as he
took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more
shall see my own, my
native land;



"TAKE a message and a token to some
distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on
the Rhine.

"TELL my brothers and companions, when
they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant
vineyard ground,

"THAT we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done

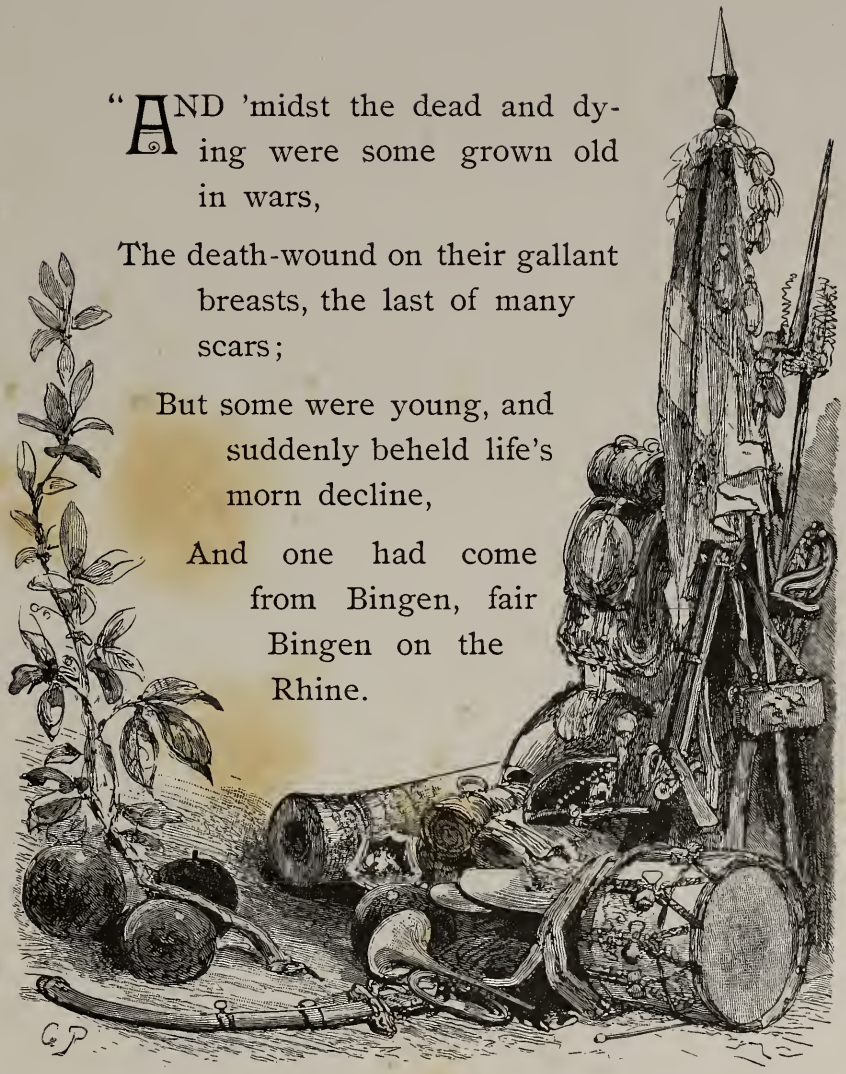
"FULL many a corpse lay ghastly pale
beneath the setting sun.

"AND 'midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,

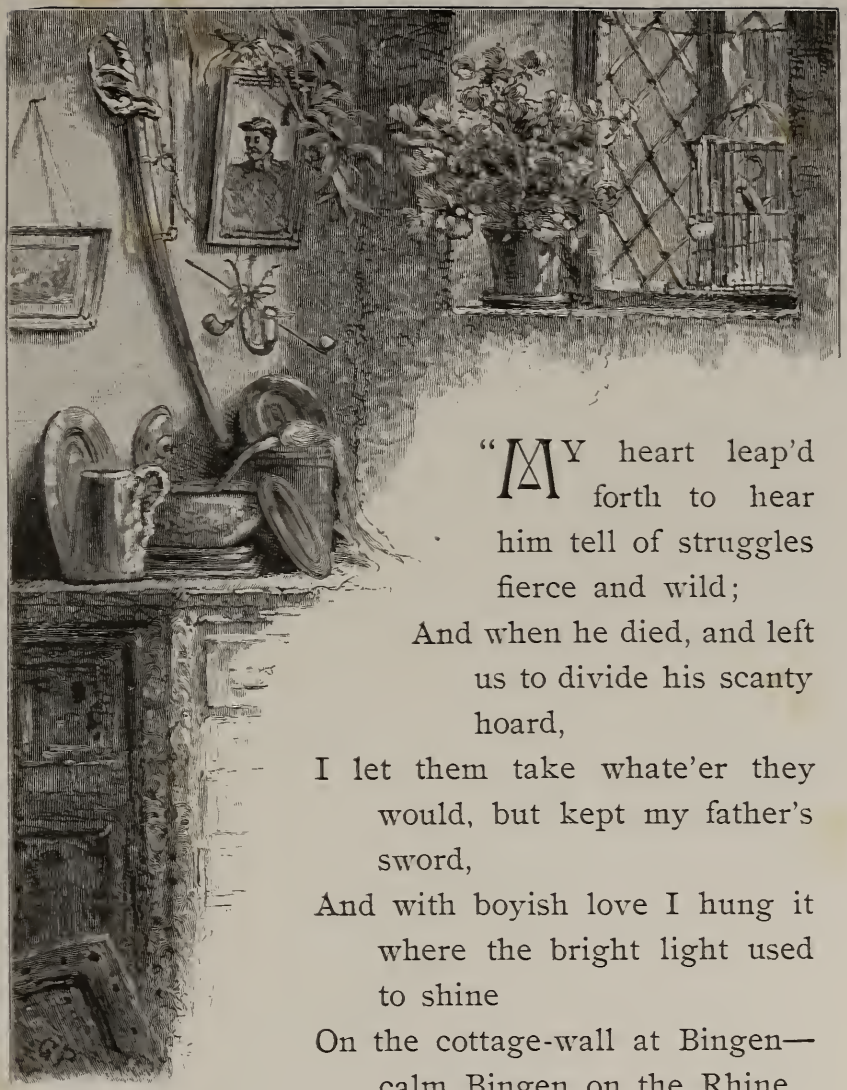
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;

But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,

And one had come from Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.



"TELL my mother that her other
sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that
thought his home a cage,
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child

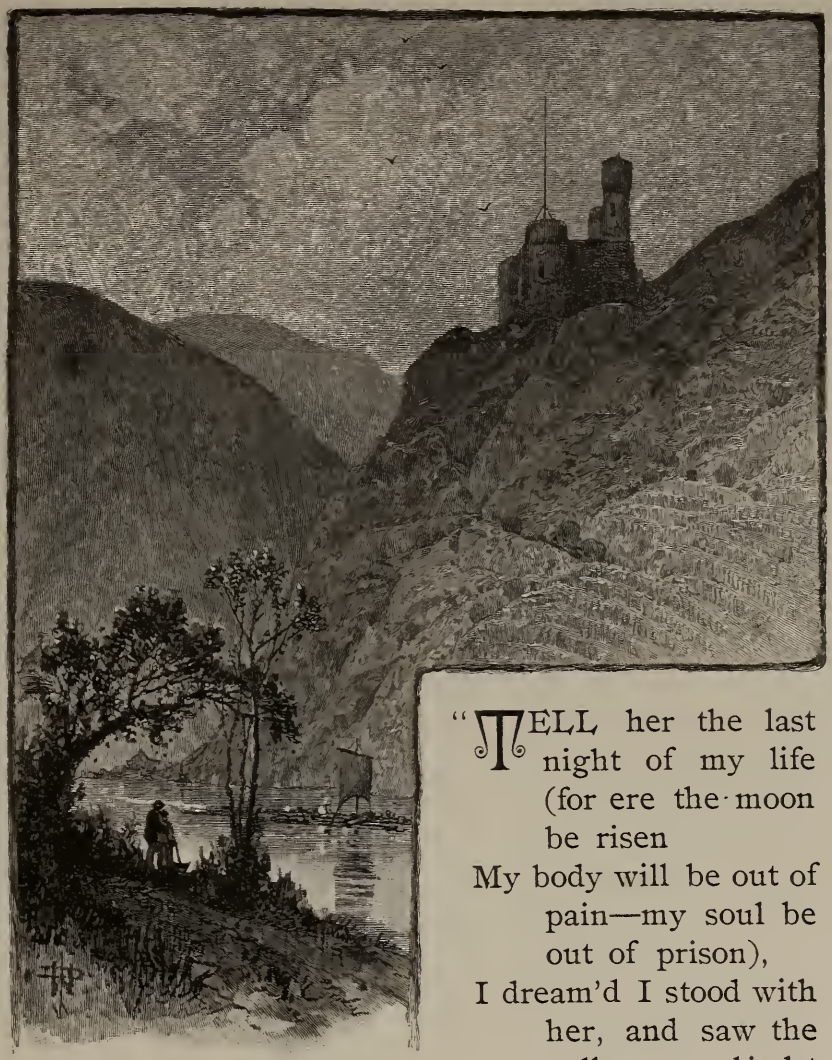


"MY heart leap'd forth to hear
him tell of struggles
fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left
us to divide his scanty
hoard,
I let them take whate'er they
would, but kept my father's
sword,
And with boyish love I hung it
where the bright light used
to shine
On the cottage-wall at Bingen—
calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"TELL my sister not to weep for me, and
sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again
with glad and gallant tread,

"BUT to look upon them proudly,
with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too,
and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask
her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without
regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its
place (my father's sword
and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen—
dear Bingen on the
Rhine.

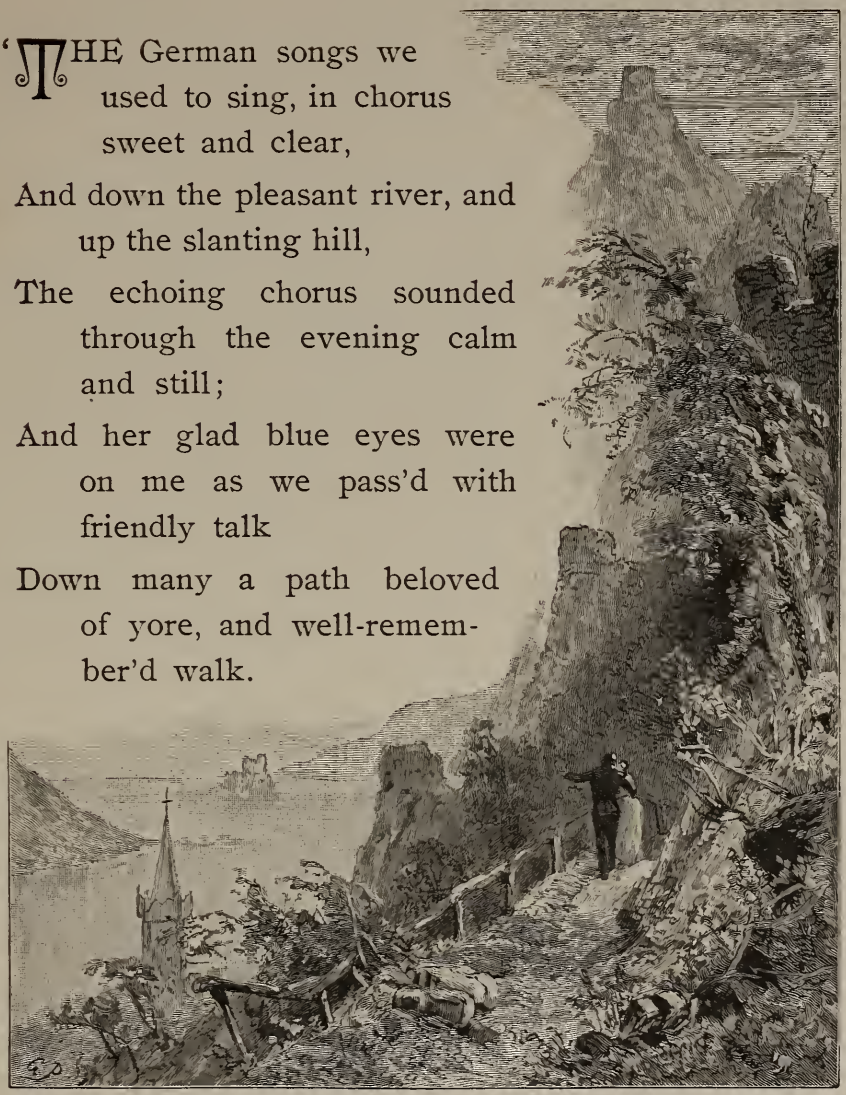
"THERE'S another—not
a sister: in the happy
days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merri-
ment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond
for idle scorning,
O friend, I fear the lightest heart
makes sometimes heaviest
mourning;



"TELL her the last night of my life
(for ere the moon be risen
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison),
I dream'd I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vineclad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I SAW the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard,
or seemed to hear,

"THE German songs we
used to sing, in chorus
sweet and clear,
And down the pleasant river, and
up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded
through the evening calm
and still;
And her glad blue eyes were
on me as we pass'd with
friendly talk
Down many a path beloved
of yore, and well-remem-
ber'd walk.



"AND her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine;
But we'll meet no more at Bingen
—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

HIS voice grew faint and hoarser—his
grasp was childish weak—
His eyes put on a dying look—he sigh'd
and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark
of life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign
land was dead!

AND the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she look'd down

ON the red sand of the battle-field,
with bloody corpses strown;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her
pale light seem'd to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bin-
gen on the Rhine.

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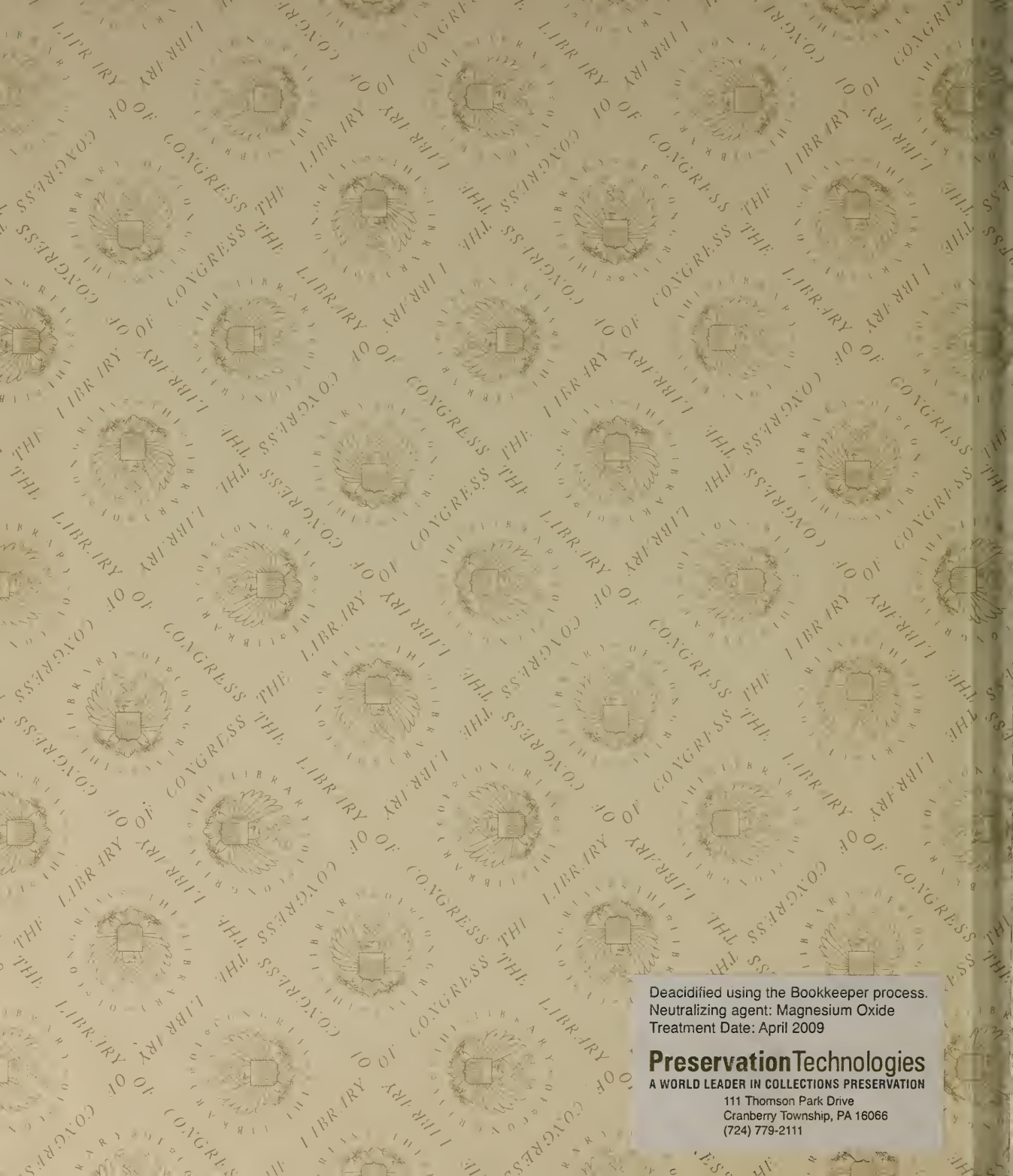

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